A LIFE more happy seemed to fill The homestrad neath the sheltering hi A grattle stir, libe, which at play That hept in mind Thanksgiving Day.

Upon the rest-tree, stoping down, Of infe trad come a glistening crewn, Of snow, and drooped beneath the c The woodbine's red and withered is

As thus the homestead peaceful stood Amidst the winter quickeds, Inside the homewide piled her arr With busy hand and sixtous heart.

For three whole days a conflict dire le waged 'twint estables and fire; still does the chair not cease to grown, And still the over holds its own.

Now, conscious of her skill and toight. The house dame, with her skirts drawn tigh And one asker, with flying strium. The closest film with duling things.

The children page with even agrow To see her place the pies in row, And steat to get with smack and saift Of steaming conserves just a whift,

The day has come! The blushing morn New hears the himbering stage couch he That, mid the evioluge of the hills, The bomestend with a treasur file.

First at the door, the grandsire gray Puts forth his staff his stops to stay; Puts forth his staff his steps to stay; The toddler, practling at his knee, Thrusts forth his head the coach to see. The stalwart son that bides at home His wife and baby now appear— Hark! 'tis the sound of wheels they hear.

The stage at last, with stately sweep, Comes round the curve, and from it leap The school boy sens who left the farm, And meet the group with greetings warm

Quick bouncing at the prick of goad, A pillioned nag roots up the road. And, pursing by the humble stoop, Addle two new-comers to the group

The meeting boass from: white and bare High on the hill above them there, And is its steeple thumps and weays The bell that only to prayer and praise. And soon the men follo, smiling faced,

The Feast at last. The grace is said. And up bobs every eagur head. And bright eves, like some greedy power, Go seeking what they may devour.

The turkey at the feast is lost; The chickens got their drum sticks crossed; And compay plates, just filled with pies, The good wife marks with smiling eyes. Each finds his limit reached at last;

The apples come; the unts are pass The mugs of eider brimming stand, And jokes fly round on every hand. So goes the day till evening comes; And on the hob the kettle hums; The remaining apple puffs its cheek, And children play at hide-and seek

Perhaps this day in years to come May find them wanderers far from home, And with joy hunning memories cheer The shadows of that changeful year. — Footh's Companion

JAMES WARING'S LESSON.

"DEAR me, so to-morrow's a holiday! What senseless things holidays are, for people like myself! Not a relation left —not a friend who cares for me!"

"Who's fault is it?" asked con-science. But James Waring had so long silenced conscience that its voice was hardly audible, and he pitied him-self, as was his wont. aelf, as was his wont.
"I wish there was something I could

"I wish there was something I could do—is there no business that can be transacted on Thanksgiving Day? Let me see," and he opened his letter case in search of something to help him.
"Ah; here's the very thing! Thornton writes me that he's not received any result from his cottage for the last six months, and suspects his agent is not decided enough with the tenants. That's it? I'll go there to-morrow, and if the rent isn't paid by the first—out they had come to him that very day and shall be so giad to be near the children!

"Did you ask him, Ben?" a woman was saying. "Did you tell him we can't my second floor, to see if you think it might suit him?" Smiling to himself, Mr. Waring followed her up to the pretty rooms her womanly taste had made home-like and inviting, though the furniture was of the potter that the porter had come to him that very day and shall be so giad to be near the children! it! I'll go there to-morrow, and if the rent isn't paid by the first—out they shall go. Well, I'm glad there's something to do—I hate holdays!"

The cannel coal fire burned brightly, and the elderly man sitting in front of its cheerful blaze gave himself up to dreams, as was his nightly custom. But on this Thanksgiving Eve his visions

the entiry man atting in front of this pleading for the plans for greater business ventures, his mind wandered back into his own past. He saw a little boy eagerly pleading for the entire charge of the poultry-yard, sure that he "could make money by it."

Well, Ben, there'll be one less mouth to feed soon, and the poor child on this friend mouth to feed soon, and the poor child on the present. I have much to see to-day, or I would bring him this afternon. Good-day—for the present. I hope to hear you saw a child all wasted and worn tossing wearily from side to side.

"It's enough to drive man to drink, mind wandered back into his own past. When you think what the firm take in each day," muttered the poor father, almost crazed as he looked on his dying sure that he "could make money by it." the saw a little boy engerly pleading for the entire charge of the poultry-yard, sure that he "could make money by it."

A year had passed, and the boy, but ten

when you think was the first take in when you think was the little you then you then you then you think was the first take in when you then you the you then you the

one of the few homes of the poor that he had dealings with.

The first was his washer woman's. She had always seemed a very respectable, worthy person to him, and certainly he had paid her regularly, though he was careful to make an arrangement by the month, instead of paying by the piece.

"Make a with always gone out," said the little six-year-old fellow, before Mr. Waring could reply.

"Make a with a way rate, for three little fellows clustered around the lady's skirts, peeping with shy, bright eyes at their visitor.

"Did you wish to see my husband, size."

ars to help you over this year."

And I'll be a tencher in three years, mother, "said Mary. "Oh, how I wish I could stop your hard work at once on the year of the year. Now think, mother, isn't there any one, this.

Now think, mother, isn't there any one, as John says?"

James Waring listened breathlessly:
he longed to hear his name. Surely she knew he could lend her that much. But the widow, after a moment's silence, only shook her head. "No, children, we've no rich friends, and I'd only lose work if I should try to get money from customers."

Waring." said

"No, no, sir! You must hear me one. Last night my husband acknowledged to me that he had not made the pay to ments. My husband has been drinking, and the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he is very penil of the money has gone. But, oh sir, he i

"There's that Mr. Waring," said Mary, to the listener's great delight, "He!" exclaimed mother and son, the first in utter astonishment, the se-

"Well-isn't be rich?" asked Mary, doubtfully.
"I rather think so!" responded John,

"but he's mean."
"John, my son, Mr. Waring pays us
promptly—you should not speak so."
"He"—

"He knows nothing about poverty or the need of money, that is all," said the

the need of money, that is all, " said the widow quietly.

Again James seemed seeking the cottage, and again that voice pleaded "Not yet, not yet!" This time he was led to the basement of the house where his own rooms were. Once in a while he had gone down those lower stairs, so the scene was not altogether unfamiliar. He had seen before that thin figure lying on the lounge, had noted the air of refinement in the cosy sitting-room; but now he heard them talk, unaware of his presence.

"Hat a lodger—a bachelor, who people who have our rooms—the Hoff-mans, who as Germans care nothing for us, and those four young clerks in the upper story who can barely pay their way, and that money-loving Waring—you had a warm-hearted, whole-souled man, who would take note of your lovely, unselfish life, and would give me, for your sake, dearest, one more chance of life."

The brave wife's eyes were filled with tears, but she would not let them overflow. "Who knows what may happen?" she answered, gayly. "You little know what such a day as to-morrow—Thanksgiving Day—may bring forth.

Now stop dreaming, and we'll have a game of chees, and then I'll sing. Remember, if you went South, I could not go, too, and so it might be worse than staying."

"Not yet—let him see one more lost opportunity, lest he still refuse," plead-only warm-hearted men as you, sir, but I have not often met them. I have not often met at the works. I have not often met them. I have not often met at the works. I have not often met at the

aged the boy, but his mother said little and looked auxious. Years went by, to call on Ben, and see if the reality and the boy is at last sent to take a position in the city. He does not go penniless, for he has earned and saved till his old habits had conquered him, and he

"Spend this for your poor, mother, are his parting words.

"Oh, James, if you would but have your poor! You are going to a city where there is much want—real destitution—learn the delight of giving."

For years those words, the very last that his mother ever spoke to him, had been forgotten—buried deep and covered over by money calculations and business plans; and now he was vexed at his cown memories.

"Poor mother! If she could have the ast weed at his least of the lapse of years, and what real happiness have they given you?

"You've tried your father's grasping, money-getting ways for years, and what real happiness have they given you?

Why not for one day, at least, imitate the story was told; it was almost exactly the tale of the night before. In one to take a

plans; and now he was vexed at his own memories.

"Poor mother! If she could have lived till I really could afford to give, I would have been different; but just as I was getting comfortably off—just when I had at last made up my mind to take a good holdsy—I heard of her death. Is it any wonder I hate holidays? I'll go to bed, and forget those old times."

But one does not always find forgeting weard to be was to collect the rent. I'll be bound the cottage sha'n't escape me to-day, as it did in my from street to street, looking for the cent. I'll be bound the cottage sha'n't escape me to-day, as it did in my from street to street, looking for the cent. I'll be bound the cottage sha'n't escape me to-day, as it did in my from street to street, looking for the cent. I'll be bound the cottage sha'n't escape me to-day, as it did in my from street to street, looking for the cent. I'll be bound the cottage sha'n't escape me to-day, as it did in my from street to street, looking for the cent. I'll be bound the cottage sha'n't escape me to-day, as it did in my from street to street, looking for the cent. I'll be bound the cottage sha'n't escape me to-day, as it did in my from street to street, looking for the cent. I'll be bound the cottage sha'n't escape me to-day, as it did in my from street to street, looking for the cottage was in the suburbs and at the further end of the town, and by the time Warling had reached it he felt quite more of the few homes of the poor hat then he would suddenly find himself in one of the few homes of the poor hat he had dealings with.

The first was his washerwoman's. She had always seemed a very respectable.

The first was his washerwoman's. She had always seemed a very respectable.

ASHTABULA.

I OHIO

THANKSGIVING - DAY IN THE

ALIER more happy seemed so fill
The homestical health the sheltering hill.

No. no. I must get through all I can, and try and get more to do, instead of taking holidays."

"Mother," asked John, "is there not one person to give you a helping handjust till I am through this one year at school? I could pay back the money, if you could only borrow one hundred dollars to help you over this year."

"And I'll be a tencher in three years, mother," asked Mary. "Oh, how I wish I could stop your hard work at once. Now think, mother, isn't there any one, this.

"1 For can earn!" repeated Mr. War-ing, looking at the delicate face and the hands, so evidently unused to hard work.

nounced to Mrs. Archer.

I already teach my own boys, and several of the neighbors have asked me to take their children in, but until now I thought I could not. Then I have a good knowledge of the organ, and I heard last Friday that the organist of a church not far off is to leave—I shall sply for the position, and I feel sure I shall get it."

Announced to Mrs. Archer.

"You could not persuade your friend, I see," said that lady, after introducing her husband, "pray do not think us very much disappointed."

"But indeed, madam, my friend—a man's best friend, they say, is himself—has come to beg that he may take possion of his room as soon as possible."

Mrs. Archer's surprise was great, but she did not try to conceal her relief that a total stranger was not to be thrust up.

go, too, and so it might be worse that go, too, and so it might be worse that go, too, and so it might be worse that go, too, and he was drawn down a narrow street, and led up to the attic of a tenement house.

"Did you ask him, Ben?" a woman was saying. "Did you tell him we can't our second floor, to see if you think it might suit him?"

Smiling to himself, Mr. Waring followed.

In his new enthusiasm Mr. Waring quite forgot how the morning had gone by, and it was not until he had knocked at Widow Burns's door that he realized by the unmistakable odors, that dinner less, for he has earned and saved to his bank book is an important part of his outfit.

"Oh, my son, what part have you given to God?" asks the mother, and the boy, who cares little for God, but recalled the dream to his mind. By way would fain please his mother, makes a great effort, and for her sake parts with some of his dearly loved savings.

"Not much stronger, thank you, sir, some of his dearly loved savings."

"Not much stronger, thank you, sir, with her daughter and a little crippled bank book is an important part of his momentary superstition, that he did not know Ben's address. Mrs. Downs brought up his breakfast, and her face a transfer of the year for all true Americans—was evidently being served. A tail boy appeared at the door, which remembered, with a smile at his own by the unmistakable odors, that dinner of the year for all true Americans—was evidently being served. A tail boy appeared directly into the sitting and dingress. There sat the widow, evidently tired from her mornings's work, some of his dearly loved savings. "Mot much stronger, thank you, sir, with ner manginer and a moto original boy who was rejoicing in his feast of turkey and "lots of potato and gravy."

The first was his washerwoman's. She had a laways seemed a very respectable, worthy person to him, and certainly he shad paid her regularly, though he was careful to make an arrangement by the month, instead of paying by the plece.

"Mother can't you rest to-morrow, and keep one holiday?" asked a boy, evidently the widow's son.

"Ah, yea, mother," pleaded the girl from the other side of her mother's ironing-table, "do rest to-morrow. Let us have a real Thanksgiving Day—church and games and dinner—as we used to do."

"O children, don't ask me! There is no coal in the box, and Mazy has no shoes for winter; and you, Johs, must have an overcoat, and there's the rent."

The lady's face paled, ber hands have an overcoat, and there's the rent.

"I help other boys."

"Don't wait till you get rich, my boy; "cep your heart and eyes open, and give out of your first earnings, or you may grow hard and mean and miserly."

The boy colored violently, and Mr. Waring felt sure that his dream had indeed been true. "All the more reason I should hurry home, and cheer up that good little Mrs. Downs. Bless my soul! her all the more reason I should hurry home, and cheer up that good little Mrs. Downs. Bless my soul! her a mother lodger, or pay at both places. I declare, I'll be a poor man if keep on! But somehow I can't stop have an overcoat, and there's the rent.

The lady's rece paled, ber hands were pressed tightly together in her lap, by a call from their rich lodger, and still his corpulency increases.

more surprised at the gind, friendly was in which he talked. He was as eager to talk over routes to Florida and Colorado as Mr. Downs himself, and knew much more about the advantages of the latter place. How enthusiastic the two men grew as they talked of the feasibility of

from as they taked of the feasibility of Mr. Downs going first and getting bet-ter, and then taking a house at Denver for his wife to keep lodgers; or better yet, if his health were once fairly re-established, he might get a chaice at fermines

farming.

"It's the getting there that is the trouble," said the invalid, at last, the old cloud settling down on his thin face.

"Oh, that's the least part of it! You

"Oh, that's the least part of it! You must allow me to see to that. I had a delicate sister when I was a mere boy that might be living now, if we could have sent her to the West—in memory of her I want to send you."

The wife's happy face, the sick man's broken thanks, helped on the good work in James Waring's already softened heart. They would not hear of his eating alons, and he and Mrs. Howns between them improvised a high tea which was a grand success, the invalid sitting up and even asking to be helped a second time.

in James Waring's already softened thands, so evidently unused to hard work.

"Yes, sir. This is a sudden blow, but I have been thinking all night, and I am so anxious to save my busband—to show him that I am ready to help him if he will only reform, that I have thought of one or two ways of earning money already, and God will show me others. He helps those who help themselves, does He not, sir?"

"Indeed He does," said Mr. Waring, his heart stirred as it had not been for years. "May I venture to ask something about your plans.?"

"Certainly. If you wait for the money you have the right. Besides, I need a friend, and shall be glad of your judgment. My plan is to open a class for the children in the neighborhood. I already teach my own boys, and sever-

now he heard them talk, unander the presence.

"Marion, if I could but get South, I believe I'd grow strong! The Doctor said it might set me up. But there! I must be a weak fool to talk of it to you! It can't be done—we haven't a relation to help us. Do you know what I dream about, Marion, when you are up stain of the work that you should nove do if I were well and strong."

"No, dear; tell me your fancies, if they are pleasant ones."

"I'd ream, wife, that instead of the people who have our rooms—the Hoffmans, who as Germans care nothing for us, and those four young clerks in the upper story who can barely parties, the upper story who can barely parties, the upper story who can barely parties, whole souled man, who would take note of souled who would not souled man, who would take note of souled man, who would take note of souled man, who would take note of souled who would not souled the present the souled of the souled the present the souled of the souled the present the souled of the souled the present the souled the present the souled when the s

COURTEST is, perhaps, little affected y conditions of time. But in all per-ons and at all periods it may be brought into ill-fame by hypocrisy or exaggera-tion. It has a tendency to become that mere mouth-honor and breath which the heart, as Macbeth says, would fain deny; a game of words, a dress coat, a shadow of amiability, a sesame never to be forgotten before the doors of society, but out of mind and repeated to no pur-pose when one is at home. "Too polite to be honest" is a well-known Norman proverb, which may have affected the expression of welcome to Belmont given by Portia to Antonio:

It must appear in other ways than words, Therefore I scant this breathing conveys The courtesy of all times has been, perhaps, in this sense more than half unroal. The story of the Spaniard offering his watch to a friend who admired it is no new one. The friend promply accepted the hidalgo's offer, and held out his hand to receive the golden gift. "Where," then said the Castilan, with extreme hauteur, replacing his watch in "Where," then said the Castlian, with extreme hautour, replacing his watch in his waistcoat pocket, "where, Senor, is your politeness? That which I in courtesy offered to you, you were bound by that same courtesy to refuse." This kind of civility may be called the beauty of the tongue, as Voltaire called true courtesy the beauty of the heart. It is a punchoeck generosity, which, however false, has a certain social value. It conceals unpleasant moral deformities. When ably assumed, it palliates selfishness, as paint judiciously nut on nallisure that he "could make money by it."

A year had passed, and the boy, but ten years old, was proudly showing his account to his father and mother; there was a clear profit of nearly twenty-five dollars.

The father had praised and encouraged the boy, but his mother said little and looked anxious. Years went by, or called can looked on his dying bright, to lift part of the borden she had borne so bravely from her weak should brine so bravely fro ness, as paint judiciously put on palli-ates wrinkles. It is the polish of our conversational furniture. This is with his accustomed moroscess of disposition, called cant, the noxious weed
which he advised Boswell to eradicate
with all dillgence, if not from his speech
at least from his understanding. Even
the term "compliments," which originally meant all those minor delicacies of
behavior that may be said to complete
the virtue of courtest, now means very the virtue of courtesy, now means very little, if anything. Our ancient coarse-ness and rocky hardness of speech has ess and rocky hardness of speech has sen smoothed and rounded into such forms as these, which, tumbled to and fro by the waves of conversation, be-come of less and less moment, and finalgraded into a mere act of physical respect, a bending of the body and the knees, originally belonging to both sexes, afterward confined to one, and now nearly or entirely obsolete. Courtesy may also suffer from exaggeration. By oo much courtesy we become discour-ious, and excess of civility makes us neivil. A gentleman of infinite com-laisance was about to take leave of another of like disposition. The latter insisted on seeing him to the door of his house. The former refused, and after many gracious words locked the door on his host and ran down the staircase; but the host, opening his window, light-ly leapt into the street and was ready to hand his guest into the carriage. "You might have broken your neck," said the entertained. "True," replied the entertainer, "but better so than break the canons of politeness."—London Globe.

----INDIAN corn has been successfully used instead of barley for malt in Great used instead of barley for matt in Great Britain. If the discovery proves to be practical on a large scale, a constantly widening market will be offered for the making in this country, nd beer will be vastly cheapened, rom time immemorial in both North ad South America Indian corn has

bride and groom in gold,

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

MEZZO-TINTO engraving was invented by the celebrated soldier and Admiral, Prince Rupert, in 1650.

A new electrical street-lamp lighter has been exhibited in Boston with marked success. In three circuits about three miles of wire are laid. In an instant stant every lamp connecting with the wire is lighted.

A FECULIAR disease of the coffee-plant, caused by the very rapid devel-opment of a fungus upon the leaves, has caused such serious losses to the Island of Java during the last ten years that a reward of \$100,000 has been offered for a cheap and effectual remedy.

HERR PREVER, an investigator, has proven that the drowniness of fatigue is caused by the introduction into the blood of factic acid, which is produced by the disintegration of bodily nerve and nuscle. Many of the sensations we daily experience seem to be the district. daily experience seem to be the direct result of similar chemical change.

THE pachymeter, lately patented in Vienna, which measures the thickness of paper to the 1,000th part of an inch, is outdone by the micrometer callper, now coming into use in this country, which determines the thickness of paper or anything else to the 19,000th part of

FRANCESCO RIZZOLI, professor of surgery at the University of Bologna, who died recently, has bequeathed his vast wealth, estimated at nearly 6,000, 000 francs, to the municipality of Bo-logna, with the stipulation that it should be devoted to the complettor and main logics, with the superstant that it assume the devoted to the completion and main-tenance of the model orthopedic hospi-tal on his estate at San Michele, in Bosco, an institution on which he had during his lifetime expended a sum of 2 000 000 feares. ,000,000 francs.

A PAPER by M. Tgeoul on a remarksble case of vertically-ascending light-ning was lately read before the French Academy of Sciences. The phenome-non occurred during a storm on August 19. The sparks appeared to come from 19. The sparks appeared to come from some lightning-conductors in the phace, some rising singly and disappearing at a small height, after spreading into a magnificent, nearly circular flash, the light of which diminished from center to circumference. In one case two luminous columns rose simultaneously. minous columns rose simultaneously, pursued a parallel course for some dis-tance, and then bent at right angles and struck each other.

PITH AND POINT.

COMETS are wearing as long trains this season as usual.—Kentucky State

THE latest invention is a brain pad, for weak minds. It can only be worn by the baldheaded.—N. O. Picagune.

An exchange says: "Coal oil rub-bed on the neck and head, will cure hog cholern; we have tried it." Who can ispute testimony like that?-Alta-Cali-

Ar a recent wedding in Slawson the bride's father gave the young couple \$500. A friend spoke to him of the magnitude of the gift. "You haven't got a marriageable daughter and so don't know," answered the father, "but I think I not off chean." I think I got off cheap."-Danbury

A BRIGHT little boy, who had been engaged in combat with another boy, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait until the other boy "pitched upon him." "Well," exclaimed the little hero, "but if I wait for the other boy to begin, I'm afraid there won't be any fight."—New York Graphic.

A GALVESTON clergyman was talking to a male parent about the latter's little boy Johnny. Said the fond father: "He is the cutest little cuss you ever saw. He can swear like a trooper, chews tobacco, ties tin pans to dogs' tails, and—" "Does he attend school?" "Why, parson, he is too tails, and—" "Does he attend school?" "Why, parson, he is too young for that, you know; he is not far enough advances."—"Gaiveston News.

A chicken lived; a FEATHER HAY.

A chicken lived; a chicken died;
His drumstieles and his wings, were fried,
His feithers by a dealer, dynd,
How of the had done, admitting that,
Southe had done, admitting that,
How of the chicken in the hat
His pinners—a merial chicken in rise
A glorious bird of paradise.

—Obscure Port,

A Cash Transaction.

An oldish man who was on his way West took a lunch at the eating-stand in the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee pot yesterday and in payment ten-red a \$20 Confederate note. "We don't take this sort of money

here," said the attendant, as he scanned the bill. "Don't, eh? Very well. Customs differ in localities. They take it in some places and refuse it in others. No particular harm done to offer it. How's

It was an old wild-cat bill of 1840, and it was handed back with the remark that it wouldn't pass.
"Won't, eh? Well, no great harm to offer it. Are you willing to take my note of hand for sixty days for this

" No. sir." "Won't, ch? There are places where they will and places where they won't. This seems to be a lines where they won't. No crime, though, to propose it. Do you think I would have any success

in standing you off?" "I presume not, but the inquiry seemed pertinent. Does it appear to you as if I would have to pay this bill in

"It does."
"Strikes me the same way, too. There are times when it seems There are times when it seems impossible to wriggle out of cash payments. I have a proposition which I have saved as a last resort. Are you willing to look upon me as an object of charity and donate me this thirty cents' worth of luncheon?"

"No, sir, I am not."

"No, sir, I am not."
"That's what I expected, but I thought it no harm to make it. I see no other way except to pay cash. Please take your change out of this fifty cents."
The right change having been handed him, he heaved a sigh of relief and sat down to nick his toth with a religious down to pick his teeth with a splinter from the broom.—Detroit Free Frees.

THERE was a curious sort of dinner at London the other day, distinguished electricians being the guests. In the center of the table was a covered dish, alleged to contain a "gymnotus," fresh from a river of South America. The chairman, instead of saying grace, sp to the dish as if asking some one there to ask the usual blessing. Then a solemn, ask the usual blessing. Then a solemn, but distinct and pleasant voice was heard, apparently coming from the cover was then raised, and there was a telephone, somebody at the other end having performed the pions service.

A new device for a bride's present is silver arrow with the initials of the

Our Young Folks.

MAMMA'B PUZZLE.

flant is sleeping—Good alght! good night! Angels with log behold the fair sight! Two betts eraids frame the soft cheek Wacre dimples and smiles have froilloked

day; e jitle anewer in vain do I seek, in is the awaster—innimia canno r salonp or buby at play? Halp is alcoping; what perfect repose, What imposent rest my little one known! No furrow of care, no line one ! trace On those little feature by night or by day. To shadow their beauty or mar their as group.

Brews,
which is the fairer—can any one say?—
y salsep or bully of play?
—Mrs. E. N. Turner, in Christian Union.

WHAT THANKSCIVINGS FOR

FRED and Jack Howard sat by the window watching the snow as it fell fast to the ground. Little Jack, in his kilt skirts and long curls, had great respect and admiration for his brother fred, who were jackets and trousers, and had just arrived at the dignity of boots, though mamma had said he could not wear them "till snow came."

while.

"Fred, when is Thanksgiving?"
asked Jack, trying to make a picture
on the window with his finger, torgetting mamma's reproof the day before.

"Next Thursday," promptly replied
Fred, who was almost always willing to
answer Jack's questions, which, to tell
the truth were very numerous; in fact,
papa called him "a dear little interrogation point." but Fred loved him, and
besides, liked to be appealed to, as if
wiser than Jack.

"How many days till then?" continned Jack, putting some frightful horns
on the animal which had been begun
for a cat.

"Eig." natiently answered Fred, tak-

on the animal which had been begon stars, was a very angel to him, and for a cat.

"Six," patiently answered Fred, taking out his knife to sharpen his slate pencil.

"I say, Fred," persevered Jack, "tell me what Thanksgiving's for, any-way."

Fred was crying too, now, and papa way."

"Fm pretty sure about the eating part," said Jack, triumphantly, "for Bridget's making mince meat to-day, and I had a taste," laughing to think of the size of the "taste;" but that can't be all it's for. Just see, Fred, how it snows!" and away went both love for coats cane and military averaged.

A Home for His Mether, boys for costs, caps and mittens, as well as boots, for the ground was now as white as Bridget's frosted cake. The busy little fellows had not heard their mother come into the room, in time to hear the last of their conversation. She was a pretty mamma, "the prettiest lady in town," both boys stoutly main-tained; a loving mamma, too, anxious that her sons should grow into good,

noble men. "They don't understand what Thanks-giving is for!" she said to herself, in surprise, as she drew her rocker nearer

The Howard family gathered happily around the breakfast table, tempting with chicken, rolls, coffee and dough-nuts, and attractive with some of mamma's flowers at each plate.

"So glad I don't have to go down town to-day, little woman," said papa, "Well my good how what are you."

"So glad I don't have to go down town to-day, little woman," said papa, and mamma smiled back her pleasure, when Fred said, eagurly:

"Mamma, who is the company we're going to have to-day? When will you tell us?"

"They will be here when you come from church; wait patiently till then, dear," mamma answered, and sprang to catch Jack's goblet of milk, which he had upset while gallantly insisting on giving her the rolls. After break fast the boys passed the time in playing with the baby, till they all went to church together. Fred gave Jack a reminding punch when the minister read: "In everything give thanks," and whispered, "now I guess we'll find out;" but though he bistened well in the said, "At last I have a home for my mother." read: "In everything give thanks," and whispered, "now I guess we'll find out," but though he listened well for a time, he got no clear idea, wonder-ing what "harvests," "yellow fever," "accidents," and "reforms" had to do with "Thanksgiving," Jack occupied himself with counting the buttons on Charlie Scott's coat, and whispered to taked about the sermon and the sing-ing. Fred and Jack, behind them, wondered who the "company" was, waiting for them now at home.

can't be Aunt Helen and the girls, for they've got the mumps, and can't go out doors. Giad we haven't got 'em, Fred.'' said Jack, skipping along backward to admire Fred's new

appointed. Forgetting "the law of love" and the "golden rule," which older people forget most sadly, too, Fred stood eyeing the guests with something like scorn, I am sorry to say, while Jack, turning away from his mother's outstretched hand, cried willo, Fa., a snake came out of the grave, and the head and moved toward him.

red, gazing in awe at the pictures, vines, easy chairs, and most of all at Mrs. Howard's beautiful face, turned so

Mrs. Howard's beautiful face, turned so kindly toward them. Then she speke:

"Fred and Jack, my darlings, let me tell you a true story. I found these little boys down on Parkest, that first day it snowed. They have no home; they have no father or mother, no one to take care of them. Bob holds horses, sweeps crossings, or does snything he can to earn a little for Tom and himself. A woman down near the engine-house lets them sleep in her woodshed. Their father and mother died of yellow fever last summer, while we were at grandpa's." Here her voice faltered for a moment—her dear old father had died only a few months before—but then she pa's." Here her voice faltered for a moment—her dear old father had died only a few months before—but then abe went on: "I have brought them here to-day to let you see what Thankagiring's for; and I hope they will find out before they leave us." She stopped, and waited for an answer. Frad came quickly forward, and said to Bob: "Haven't you any home?" To this loving boy home meant all that was dear in the world.

"No." briefly replied Rob, successing

could not wear them "till snow came."

That was the reason they watched the stormso eagerly, talking busily meanwhile.

The stormso eagerly talking busily meanwhile.

"tell me what Thanksgiving's for, anyway."

"Why, Jack, it's to go to church and have a good dinner," said Fred, who had broken the nice point to his pencil and was scowling a little.

"And go to grandpa's if he only hadn't died." added Jack, turning away from his "art studies" to watch Fred. "Do they keep Thanksgiving in Heaven, Fred?"

"Yes, Jacky, I think they do, of course; but we go to church Sundays, and we have tip-top dinners most every day, if nothing happens, and we used to go to grandpa's in summer time, too, so I don't just know what Thanksgiving is for," he concluded, reluctantly.

"I'm pretty sure about the eating part," said Jack, triming for them?"

Fred was crying too, now, and paps walked to the window and stood with his back to them all, but mamma smiled, though tears were in her eyes.

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Fred

Business called me to the United States Land Office. While there a lad apparently sixteen or seventeen years of ge came in and presented a certificate

for forty acres of land.

I was struck with the countenance and general appearance of the boy, and inquired of him for whom he was pur-chasing the land. "For myself, sir."

I then inquired where he had got the noney. He answered, "I earned it." Feeling then an increased desire for surprise, as she drew her rocker nearer the bright, open fire. "They must find out, and how?"

Thanksgiving morning dawned bright and cold; not snow enough for abighing, but enough to deck the fences and trees in a beautiful new winter dress, and make home seem dearer than ever. The Howard family gathered happily way to help make an effort in the state of the state o some way to help my mother and brothers and sisters. I got an axe and went into a new part of the country to work clearing land, and I have saved

"At last I have a home for my mother." Examiner and Chronicle.

Arbitration Better Than Litigation. BALTIMORE CITY has a Court of Arbinim that in church all the talking was done by one person; and after a long time, it seemed to Jack, church was over, and they were on their way home. Papa and manma walked in front, and taked about the sermon and the sing.

Trade for the settlement of difficulties among the mercantile community. This manufacture for the prompt settlement of all conscoversies arising from the pursuit of trade, commerce, navigation, manufactures, etc. all size. to twenty dollars from each litigant.

Three modes of trial are provided for by the Court, viz.: Before the Judge and two lay arbitrators, one to be selected by each lite. arbitrators, one to be selected by each litigant; before three lay arbitrators, with right of appeal to the Judge. From the final decision of the Judge along backward to admire Freu's new overcoat, with so many pockets!

"Nor Uncle John, for he's gone to see that pretty lady who was here last spring." said Fred. "Wonder what spring." said Fred. "Wonder what independent in every case must be rendered within twenty days after submissions.

see that pretty lady who was here last spring." said Fred. "Wonder what he's gone to see her for; wasn't she lovely, though?" and here Fred forgothis dignity in a good-natured chase after a dog, in which Jack joined.

As they went up the walk to their pretty, comfortable home, there was an odd little smile on papa's face, and mamma said, as they went in: "Boys, go directly to the nursery and take off your coats, and then come down."

In a twinkling the boys were in the sitting-room, their eyes big wish curiosity. Whom so you think they saw? Sitting by the fire, in their own pretty camp chairs, were two boys of about their size, thin and pale and dirty; in ragged, scanty clothes, seemingly as much surprised at heing there as any one clae could be. Instantly mamma said, in her sweetest voice, holding out her hands to her own hoys:

"Jack and Fred Howard, here are Bob and Tom White, wha have come to viait us. We hope to give them a very happy day."

Fred and Jack were very dear children, but they were surprised and disappointed. Forgetting "the law of dren, but they were surprised and dis-appointed. Forgetting "the law of love" and the "golden rule," which overboard and swim for land.—Colum-

cut:
"I don't like 'em; I don't want 'em He kept his eye on it while going on with the ritual. The reptile was finally killed by a gentleman with his caue.